

The Citizen

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HINTS TO TEACHERS. No. 3.

Precepts for Class Work.

First, always take time enough in giving out an advance lesson. Do not simply say "take so many pages" or "the next chapter."

It is your business to keep up the interest of the pupil. That is what the teacher is for. A student might go through the book so many pages a day without any teacher!

When the lesson is over say, "Next time we are going to learn about such and such things," and then give them with your own lips a little account of the next subject which is to be studied. Have you not noticed that people remember what is told them better than they remember what is read to them?

And in giving out a lesson, you have a chance to do three or four things which will save time and assist the pupil in learning how to study.

(a) You will give him the correct pronunciation of any hard words in the advance lesson.

(b) You will connect the next lesson with the things the pupil already knows. And this is the great secret of both memory and thinking power.

(c) You will put him in the proper spirit of study with an awakened curiosity and interest.

Second, in beginning a class exercise, start with some part of the review. This should be easy, calling upon the pupil to report or, things which they have already gone over in class and on which they can answer promptly. And it will show the connection between what goes before and what comes after. It is the knitting of things together that helps the memory and improves the power of thinking. The trained mind that you are trying to produce in your pupil is one which thinks of things in their connections and in their proper proportions—a mind that knows which comes first and which comes second, and can distinguish between big things and little things.

In the third place, make the work of the class period move off briskly. Ask questions that are easy to begin with so that the pupil will get into the habit of responding promptly. If any are not ready to respond promptly don't let them limp along, but just drop them until next day. If there are some who never recite promptly, keep them after school and give them some friendly drill until they can recite promptly. Never let the class exercises drag and drone along.

In the next place, never scold a dull pupil before the class. The only occasion for scolding or sarcasm in class is where a student is of the amarty, upstart kind or has been repeatedly neglected. Even then a teacher is not justified in humiliating a pupil before the class, unless he has already tried talking to that pupil in a friendly way by himself.

Origin of Duels.

Duelling took its rise from the judicial combats of the Celtic nations. The first formal duel in England, between William, Count D'Eu, and Godfrey Baynard, took place in 1096. Duelling in civil matters was forbidden in France in 1366. Francis I. challenged the Emperor Charles V. in vain in 1528. The fight with small swords was introduced into England in 1587. A proclamation was made in 1679 that no person should be pardoned who had killed another in a duel. The custom was checked in the British army in 1792 and was abolished in England in the aid of public opinion. Kansas City Star.



Tolerated.

"Does the misus interfere in th' kitchen work?" inquired the investigator.

"Don't think it!"

"And she doesn't do any of the cooking?"

"I won't say it as strong as that. There's a few palate ticklers th' misus is good at makin'."

"When I'm hungry for one of 'em I let her come in an' cook me some. But that's th' one exception."

"Tolerated."

"Does she?" replied the stout cook.

"Don't think it!"

"And she doesn't do any of the cooking?"

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CIRCUMSTANCES.

She was only a small girl, but even little people can be naughty sometimes, and this was one of the occasions when Mabel had kicked over the traces.

Naturally, mamma was terribly angry, and Mabel was dispatched to the regions aloft where, in her mother's bedroom, she was bidden to sit upon a certain chair, pending further instructions from headquarters.

The particular instructions were long delayed, from Mabel's point of view, and after half an hour she ventured to query in childish treble:

"Mamma, may I come down now? I promise I'll be good."

Headquarters was still huffy and waited up the stairs the reply:

"No, you sit just where you are till I call you."

"All right," came in sing-song tone from the bedroom. "All right, mamma, only I'm sitting on your best hat!"

Gulf States Presbyterian.

The New M. D.

Miss Gossip—What's this I hear about the doctor's being no gentleman?

Miss Matter-of-Fact—Yes, that's true.

Miss G.—Tell me about it. What did he do?

Miss M.-O.—It's a lady doctor.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

FORK OVER.

Mr. Holdite—I wonder where the money's coming from for that new hat of yours?

Mrs. Holdite—From the mint, I suppose. I'd hate to think you were a counterfeiter.

No, Never.

The mermaid is a favored soul. She's clever and she's sweet. But if she cannot have her way She never stamps her feet.

Favorite Fiction.

"It's So Good to Get Back to Work Again."

"Yes, Indeed; the Rougher the Lake Is, the Better I Like It."

"It Thundered and Lightened Incessantly, but I'm Not Afraid of Lightning."

"I Dropped Business Entirely. Didn't Do a Thing While I Was Away but Just Rest."

"Did I Catch Any Fish? Only a Few—Perhaps a Dozen or Two Black Bass."

Wily Old Sea Serpent.

First Sea Serpent—What's the use of fooling around away out here? Why, we're at least five miles from shore. Let's swim in, scare the bunch and get our names in the papers.

Second Sea Serpent—Aw, what's the use? You know yourself last year we weren't within 2,000 miles of this coast, and yet all up and down it they ran our pictures and gave us the best writeups we've had since we've been in this business.

A Wise Parson.

Mrs. Wesley Cresscut—You're surely not going to be away Wednesday night! Don't you remember that is the date Deacon Bunce has set for our pound party?

Rev. Wesley Cresscut (firmly)—I do my duty; but I prefer the ounce of prevention—Puck.

POOR MAN.

Henderson—Wouldn't you like to be rich enough to do what you pleased?

Henpeck—No, I'd rather be rich enough to do what my wife pleased.

Forbidden Subject.

Pa used to run a printing shop. That's how he got his stake. But no one brags about the pt That father used to make.

Accounting for It.

"In days of old there were many dark deeds done."

"Possibly because in those days there was so much knight work."

Very Much So.

"Did you ever come in touch with society circles?"

"Oh, yes; I've been knocked down once or twice by their autos."

MAN'S LIFE SAVED BY DRIPPING WATER

John Robertson, an Escaped Insane Patient, Has a Hair-Raising Experience.

TORTURED FORTY DAYS

Hourly Dripping of Rusty Pipe Prevents Death of Chicagoan Who Flees Kankakee Guards—He Lost Seventy-five Pounds During Time.

Kankakee, Ill.—Drip—drip—drip!

A drop of water every hour for 40 days, the biblical limit of fasting, fell into the eager mouth of John Robertson, who was sent from Chicago to the Kankakee State Hospital for the Insane.

For 40 days that drop an hour was all he had to sustain him. His story was told as he lay in the hospital and watched with gaunt eyes his nurses as they endeavored to coax life into his emaciated body. In the 40 days Robertson had fallen in weight from 144 pounds to 75.

In a mad endeavor to escape from the asylum Robertson slipped from a squad of men marching back from work in the fields. He had never been "a violent" patient. But the idea of freedom had worn on him. Unnoticed by the guards he slipped through the asylum grounds and dashed for liberty.

He forced his way into the window of the first building that he ran across. It was an abandoned building, deserted because of the insanitary condition. Into the dark cellar of this structure Robertson slipped. He had no food and no drink. Hour after hour he watched by the window for a chance to escape. But the guards were alert. Everywhere he saw them searching with their rifles.

He watched and waited. In the deep silence one day, when his tongue was swollen from lack of water, he heard:

"Drip—drip—drip."

From a rusty water pipe, green with the crust of slime, a drop of water was

falling. Once every hour, with the regularity of a clock it dripped into the fungus-smelling earth.

With a glad cry Robertson, weak from hunger and thirst, cast himself upon the leak. He was too ill to stand. He sank limply to the ground and fainted. He was aroused when a drop of water struck him in the face. It was cold. He twisted about until he had approximated the fall of water.

The next drop of water struck his cheek. By this time he had reckoned where the leak would send his saving drop. He screwed his body into that position. With his mouth open and his dry and coated tongue forced between his lips he waited.

An hour passed. The drop came. It had a "brassy" taste. But it was water.

Once the drip of the water was gauged, Robertson rested. In the darkness of the foul basement—where the only possible means of escape was a small window—Robertson almost smiled. All thought of escape was gone now. Robertson had passed the stage of thinking all except one thought—water. Hour after hour he waited. Once every hour that drop of salvation slipped down the corroded pipe and fell into his mouth.

Then one day some workmen, looking through the old building to see from what point they might begin to tear it down, slid through the basement window. With difficulty they entered the place. The first of them had an electric pocket lamp. He flashed it.

"Old clothes," he remarked to his companion. "I didn't think they let that kind of stuff lay around."

His light had fallen on the spot under the leak in the pipe.

"Must have been here for a couple of weeks, too," replied his fellow worker. "Look at the mold on 'em."

A bit later their work took them to that side of the basement. Passing the spot under the leaking pipe the first worker kicked at the rag.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "It's a man!"

Robertson opened his white eyelids. "Let me go!" he shouted. "You can't take me away from the water. It's all the water there is."

His voice died away in a harsh croak. Then he became unconscious.

Mind and Body Centered on the Leak in Pipe.

dig his own grave while being beaten on the back by a saber in the hands of a Mexican captain.

After escaping from his predicament he walked to the nearest railroad station and came to El Paso, never to return.

The Mexican major was arrested in Juarez on a trumped up charge of sedition, was taken to Chihuahua and imprisoned in the dark cells with other condemned military prisoners and had nothing to eat but a few beans, thirty-six to be exact, for he counted them, daily, and dry bread.

After being left alone in his cell, without anyone to speak to and with the vermin crawling over him, he was taken from his cell at night by a detail of soldiers in command of a federal first captain, marched to the graveyard and there given pick and shovel and made to dig his own grave.

While this was being done, the federal captain bent him over the back with the flat side of his saber, swearing at him in vile Spanish all the time. Finally Major Echagary says he could stand it no longer and demanded that he be shot rather than hear his mother's name insulted. Just as the firing squad was lining up in front of him to fire the midnight bells on the cathedral in Chihuahua rang and were followed by a trumpet call to cease firing. A reprieve had been granted him and a detail of officers had been sent in an automobile to notify the federal commander, who was about to execute him. He was liberated the next day as it was found that he was not a spy and he slept in the hills until he could board a train and reach the border.

RODENTS CUT OUT CIRCUIT

Rat and Mouse in Electric Switch Shut Off Circuit for Forty-Five Minutes.

Memphis, Tenn.—A mouse and a rat climbed into a switch of the Memphis Consolidated Gas and Electric company lines, created a short circuit and shut off all power for 45 minutes the other night.

More than 500 offices of a telegraph company, between Nashville, Memphis and Texarkana, Ark., and Cairo and New Orleans, were out of commission.

Elevators in hotels and office buildings were "dead" and the other sorts of business were still while men were inspecting sources of trouble and switching power onto other supply cables.

Twenty-five men worked from midnight until four o'clock before the cause of the trouble was found, and in order to be certain of it, the men had to inspect 11 miles of power cables, lifting lids to manholes and testing connections.

About four o'clock, one of the experts found troubles that caused him to climb the pole where the circuit box was attached to an oil box. Taking off the lid, he discovered the charred remains of a mouse and in a hole in the oil box he found half the body of a rat.

The new wires were connected and in a minute every power cable went to working as usual.

Then She Woke Up.

Greenville, Pa.—Mrs. Mary Everhart, an aged resident, awoke from a trance to find the family tearfully arranging with an undertaker for her funeral.

Met His Match.

Paris.—A Paris "Apache," terror of tourists, met his match in an American woman, when Mrs. Ford Thompson of St. Louis, whose pocketbook he snatched, pursued and caught him.

DIGS HIS OWN GRAVE; LIVES TO TELL OF IT

Mexican Army Officer Arrested as Spy—Reprieve Granted in Nick of Time.

El Paso, Tex.—A California born Mexican, a major under General Orozco and a follower of Madero, is the only man who ever dug his own grave, faced a firing squad in Mexico and lived to tell his experience.

He is Maj. C. H. Echagary, who was held incommunicado for three months in Chihuahua City prison, as a Villa spy, taken at midnight to a lonely burying ground and forced to

dig his own grave while being beaten on the back by a saber in the hands of a Mexican captain.

After escaping from his predicament he walked to the nearest railroad station and came to El Paso, never to return.

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